

A Roaring Lion

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

Circus bills were pasted up on the barns all along the highway, and on a certain date the affair was to open at Dyersville for an afternoon and evening performance. On the evening of the day that Zeb Scott first saw the pictures he laid out his program. He was a farmer's hired man. He was in love with and engaged to Nancy Smith, the daughter of another farmer. He called to tell her the news and invited her to go to the circus.

He expected Nancy to enthuse, but she didn't. On the contrary, she looked very sober. It so happened that this was the first circus to come along since they had been engaged. Zeb knew her for a rather serious minded girl, but just how serious he was about to find out. When he had stopped for breath he was amazed to hear her say: "I can't go to the circus with you, Zeb. It would be encouraging wickedness to do it."

They argued the matter for two hours, and then Zeb went home in the sulks. Nancy utterly refused to go to the circus. All other people for five miles around might go, but it was home for her. The father and mother stood neutral. The mother said: "Mebbe some folks can see a woman in spangles and not want to come home and set a neighbor's barn afire, but what's the use in gittin' in the way of temptation?"

In two days Zeb was back to talk matters over again, but he had no better luck. He even came the third time, and he was armed with a long list of "good" people who were going to attend the show, but he met with the same objections. Then he lost his temper and reached for his hat with the remark that any girl who was too all-fired good to go to a circus was too good for him.

The circus was a great success. In addition to the regular performance a lion escaped from his cage and got out into the country, and as he was not recaptured the excitement was great. Zeb had a good time, but he was conscience-stricken. He had been mean, and he realized it and wanted to make up. How was he to do it? This question bothered him for the next fortnight. He could not go over and beg forgiveness and trail his pride in the dust, and as far as he could ascertain Nancy Smith wasn't going into a decline on his account. He was lying on his back in bed one night when the thought suddenly came to him—that lion! As a matter of fact, the beast had been recaptured, but the farmers hadn't heard of it and were anxious by day and sitting tight after sundown.

Before morning came Zeb had his plan. Before noon he had shared it with a son of his employer. There was a bit of a lake on Farmer Smith's land, and at one point he had built a summer house. It was Nancy's favorite spot to sit and watch the sun go down and the glowing come on. The morning, roiling lion had kept her away for a few evenings, but as he had not appeared and devoured her courage gradually returned. Zeb had builded on that summer house. He hid his eagle eye that way as he milked the cows on this particular evening. He saw the plink dress as it crossed the meadow. The glowing came, the robin sang his last notes before going to bed, and then Zeb and his fellow conspirator moved.

In penitence Miss Nancy Smith sat in the summer house fighting mosquitoes and wondering how wicked the circus had made Zeb when there came a sudden alarm. From a lot of bushes not far away came bloodcurdling growls and a man's shouts, and she was hardly on her feet before Zeb dashed up, club in hand, and called out:

"Back into the house! 'Tis the lion! Back, and I will die here to save you!"

"Oh, Zeb—Zeb!"

"Back, girl—he is coming!"

And the lion came. That is, he seemed to come. His growlings and roarings were something dreadful to hear. He moved this way and that; he advanced and retreated; he rolled over and over on the grass. But the brave Zeb could not be bluffed. He stood in front of the house and swung his club and cried to that lion to come on if he dared. Finally, at the end of about ten minutes, he suddenly rushed into the darkness, pounded with his club and returned to Nancy to say:

"He has fled, and you are saved. Good night, Miss Smith!"

"Oh, Zeb, you can't go!" she appealed. "But I must. I ask no thanks for the trifle I have been able to render you."

"But I can't let you go. You must come to the house. Say, dear, I really wish I had gone to the circus with you."

"But you wouldn't go. You kept talking about spangles all the time, while I never intended to see spangles. I just went to study the lion and the best place to hit him with a club if I was ever attacked. I found the best place was the nose, and I rushed in on him and whacked him one. Miss Smith!"

"I'm Nanny, and you come right along! Why, Zebby, if there's a circus every week after this!"

And next morning Zeb handed his co-conspirator a dollar bill and said:

"Jim, that was the best growling I ever heard, and if you ever go and give it away I'll follow you all over the state to break your neck!"

The Noise Explained. She (Nanny)—I heard a noise very late. He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling? She—No, it wasn't. It was the day breaking.—Baltimore American.

The Glory of Life. To be a strong hand to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a time of weakness, is to know the glory of life.

It is impossible to be just if one is not generous.—Roux.

An Inventive Yankee

A Story of the Days of Pirates

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

More than a hundred years ago young Captain Herbert Chandler sailed his ship, the Wasp, into a cove on the shores of the island of Jamaica, cast anchor and sent boats ashore with casks for water. While waiting their return two vessels appeared out on the sea, the one a clumsy brigantine, the other a low cut, rakish craft with enormous sails. Chandler brought his glass to bear on the two ships and was not long in determining that one was a merchantman, the other a Spanish pizarro, and the pizarro was chasing the merchantman. The former flew no flag, but the captain knew only too well that she was a pirate and if the wind held would overtake the merchantman.

This was at a time when piracy had been almost entirely swept from the West Indies, and few merchant ships had means of opposing the villains. Chandler could see no evidence of guns aboard the brigantine, and he had but one little barker on his own ship. He had no women aboard, but judged from the size and build of the merchantman that she might have passengers.

But the wind was very light, and what there was was dying down. The sun was near the western horizon, and it had no sooner set than the last traces of a breeze set with it. The two vessels, now about three miles apart, stood still, their sails flapping as the swells rolled under them. Chandler began to take thought how he might save both his own and the other ship from the pirate. He had some small arms aboard, but no guns except the one mentioned, while, though the portholes in the pizarro were masked, he knew that she must be well armed with cannon. His small arms would be of no use against her.

Chandler ran over in his mind what he had aboard that he might use in a fight and remembered that he was carrying among other things for blasting purposes in the Mexican mines a fulminating powder used in those days. But what use could be made of this against the cannon balls of the pirate?

Chandler was a Yankee, and the Yankees even at that remote period were famed for their shrewdness and inventive genius. He formed a plan to attack the pizarro with fulminating powder. Noting the positions of the ships with his compass, he waited till midnight; then, putting a crew in each of two boats, he weighed anchor and ordered them to tow the Wasp out to sea, his object being to get between the two vessels. Neither ship displayed a light, but a faint glimmer of cabin lights was perceptible on the pirate. Chandler stopped when he thought he might be in the proper position. He did not cast anchor, for the sound would betray him, and he was not ready to let the pirate know of his proximity.

When the first faint dawn came Chandler saw that the Wasp, the pirate and the merchantman occupied the three angles of a triangle. He was pleased to see that he was nearer the pirate than the merchantman, for if the former attacked the latter before attacking the Wasp Chandler could afford no assistance. His plan did not admit of this. All three ships had their sails hoisted ready to take advantage of the slightest breeze. As soon as there was sufficient light the pirate displayed the skull and crossbones from her peak and sent a shot before the bow of the Wasp. Chandler, understanding this as a demand for surrender, returned from his popgun a shot no bigger than a boy's rubber ball. He did this that the pirate might attack him with his ship instead of sending boats to take possession without a fight.

With the rising of the sun a ripple was seen coming on the water, and a breeze came with it. It caught the pizarro first, and she approached the Wasp, running out her guns as she did so, but not nearer her prey. It was plain that there was no armament aboard, and she ran them in again.

The critical moment had come. Chandler stood on the quarterdeck awaiting his enemy, occasionally casting a glance at a man partially concealed aloft on that end of the gaff swung from the mainmast. The breeze had reached the Wasp and filled her sails, enabling the helmsman to keep the vessel before it with some headway. When the bowsprit of the pizarro came within a cable's length of the Wasp, Chandler gave an order to lower the sails. The pirate lapped the Wasp and was making ready to grapple and board when a signal was given that turned the tables. Chandler raised his hand. Men concealed under the bulwarks pulled on a line fastened to the end of the gaff, swinging it over the side next the pizarro. The man above, carrying a demijohn, nimbly crawled out on it, gaining a position nearly over the pirate, now not twenty feet from the Wasp. Giving the demijohn a swing, he tossed it on the pirate's deck.

There was an explosion that blew the little pirate so far apart that the water, rushing into the gaps in her sides, sank her within two minutes, leaving her men floating in the water. They were mercilessly picked off by the sailors on the Wasp.

The conquering ship was badly injured, but all damages were paid for by the owners of the merchantman, loaded with a valuable cargo and a number of passengers, including women and children.

The Difference. "What do you regard as the chief difference between a theorist and a practical man?"

"A theorist," replied Senator Sorghum, "studies out how a thing ought to be done, and the other fellow makes up his mind how it can be done."—Washington Star.

Extremes. Mrs. A.—My husband is positively impossible. He knows nothing. Mrs. R.—Mine is simply unbearable. He knows everything.—London Tit-Bits.

BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES

By MARTHA A. HUTCHINS

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Many suicides result from brooding. One of the best antidotes for such a condition of mind is a good thrashing. Take a man who is down on his luck. He is the same man with the same strength, health and ability as at other times, but his mind needs a shifting. Let somebody throw him out of a window with something beneath to break the fall he expects and very likely the shock will bring him to himself.

Evelyn Hawthorne one day received a telegram from her brother-in-law, Henry Fitch, to come at once—her sister was dying. Evelyn took the next train and arrived only in time to bid her sister goodbye. The dying words were, "I wish you to marry Henry and bring up my children."

The husband was prostrated. He was a good, strong, manly fellow, but prone to look upon the dark side of things. There were four little children left him, with no mother to take care of them. Instead of attempting to drive his bereavement out of his mind, he permitted it to take complete possession of him. He moped and brooded and brooded and moped, and that was all he did day in and day out.

Consequently the load all fell upon Evelyn. She did all she could to encourage Henry, but in vain. He sank lower and lower into the slough of despond till she discovered one day that he was meditating suicide. Something must be done. She was a courageous girl, but the only scheme she could devise required a man to execute. She telegraphed her brother Ethan to come to her at once. He arrived by the next train, and Evelyn told him what she feared for Henry.

That same evening Henry went out alone. There was a awful look in his eye—a look to indicate that he was bent on taking his life. Ethan Hawthorne armed himself with a revolver and an ax. Evelyn tied a strip of black cloth over his face with holes cut for his eyes. Then he turned his coat inside out, pulled a slouch hat over his forehead and sailed forth after Henry. He overtook his man making direct for the river. No one could have had any object in going to a river at that time of night except to jump in and end his troubles.

"Hello!" cried Ethan.

The figure ahead turned and asked what was wanted.

"I want you," replied Ethan.

"What for?"

"I'm going to kill you."

"Go ahead."

Ethan raised his revolver, and there was an ominous click.

"Who are you?" said Henry, "and what are you going to kill me for?"

"No matter who I am. I'm going to kill you because I have been sent by the Lord to make a sacrifice of you."

As a preliminary to this pious work Ethan fired a shot, which sang a vicious song in Henry's ear. Henry dodged.

"Hold on there," he said. "If you're going to kill me I'd like to go home and say goodbye to my family."

Ethan smiled. It was evident that Henry's suicidal intention had been arrested.

"There's no time for that. I hear voices continually saying, 'Kill him, kill him, kill him!'"

Another shot passing close to Henry's other ear warned him that he was in terrible danger of being murdered by a lunatic. His brain, naturally quick and resourceful, began to call up expedients for outwitting the madman. His mind was as sound and as keen as ever.

"Don't shoot any more," he said. "I'll tell you something. I'm the father of four motherless children. Don't you think the Lord would like to have me live to provide for them instead of sending you to kill me?"

"I never thought of that," said Henry, lowering his pistol and raising his ax to his shoulder, where it would be better seen.

"I have a sister-in-law. She would have all the care of the little ones besides working for them. If she didn't they would starve."

"Are you the head of the house?"

"Yes. They are all dependent on me."

"What are you doing out here?"

"I was—well, I'm taking a walk."

"There's another voice. It says, 'Kill him!'"

A bullet whistled this time a short distance over Henry's head. Then Ethan put away his pistol, took his ax in both hands and gave a wild shout. Henry took to his heels. Ethan now had no fear that he would jump into the river, so instead of following him he returned to the house and assumed his own rational habits. Presently there was a step without, and Henry came in. He went up to Evelyn, put his arms about her neck and kissed her.

"Forgive me, Evelyn," he said. "I've come to my senses. I have been well nigh crazed by grief. But I'm all right now."

That was the end of Henry Fitch's mental aberration. It was months before he was told of the ruse to bring him to a sound mental condition devised by Evelyn and executed by her brother. Evelyn continued to care for the children and make the household happy till Henry opened her eyes to the fact that she was necessary to them and to him. They were married, and Evelyn, understanding Henry better than her sister had understood him, made him happier.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed. Notice is hereby given that D. E. Thompson, purchaser of S. 1/4 of Sec. 10, T. 10 N., R. 10 E., has filed said fractional certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law.

Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Putnam county, Florida, to-wit:

S. 1/4 of Sec. 10, and S. 1/4 of Sec. 11, section 10, township 10 N., range 10 E.—100 acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate to the name of S. I. Wajala. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 27th day of June, A. D. 1910.

Witness my official signature and seal this 27th day of May, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) HENRY HUTCHINSON, Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla. By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

KITTERY POINT ELMS.

Each of the Giant Shade Trees Cost a Pint of Rum.

One of the most striking attractions of the old town of Kittery Point has long been her towering elms. They rise magnificently above trees of all other varieties, and in summer with their foliage encompass her quaint streets in delicious green coolness, transform the fine old place into a veritable seashore fairyland and last, but not least, enrapture the summer visitor.

For nearly two miles along the highway, which for the most part follows the shore of the harbor, these splendid specimens rear themselves at fairly regular intervals, though the ax has in times past brought some of the monarchs crashing to the earth.

The story of the circumstances attending the planting of the giants, as it has been handed down from father to son, runs as follows: "Major Thomas Cutts, one of the old town fathers, who conducted a fishing business, foreign commerce, a store and a tavern in the famous Pepperell mansion (built 1682), conceived the very commendable idea of beautifying his native town by setting out trees."

"Accordingly in 1701 he gave one Samuel Blake the contract. Samuel's remuneration was nothing more or less than a pint of rum, doubtless brought from the West Indies by one of the major's plinkies, for each tree planted. There were originally ninety of them, and they extended from the Seavey lot, near where the First Christian church now stands, to the 'top of the Point' or the shore of Spruce creek."—Kennebec Journal.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.

Its Use by Astronomers in Their Study of the Stars.

The threads of the garden spider are fixed by astronomers in their telescopes for the purpose of giving fine lines to the field of view by which the relative positions of stars may be accurately measured.

For a century astronomers desired to make use of such lines of the greatest possible fineness and procured at first silver wire drawn out to the extreme limit of tenuity attainable with that metal. They also tried hairs one five-hundredth of an inch thick and threads of the silkworm's cocoon, which are split into two component threads, each only one two-thousandth of an inch thick. But in 1820 an English instrument maker named Troughton introduced the spider's line. This can be readily obtained a fourth of the thickness of the silkworm's thread and has also advantages in its strength and freedom from twist.

In order to obtain the thread the spider is carefully fixed on a miniature rack, and the thread, which at the moment of issue from the body is a viscid liquid, is made to adhere to a window, by turning which the desired length of firm but elastic thread can be procured.—London Graphic.

Henley's Sufferings.

In fifty-four years of his life—he was born in 1849—W. E. Henley never knew what a day's perfect health meant. When little more than a boy he was attacked by a disease which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He was told later by the doctors that the sacrifice of the other leg was necessary were he to live. The fame of Dr. Lister had reached Henley, and, penniless and almost friendless, he determined to try Edinburgh infirmary. Thither he traveled third class in physical suffering such as few have known, and when he reached the infirmary his whole possessions amounted to a few shillings. His confidence in Lister was justified, and his leg was saved. He was and remained a cripple, but neither hopeless nor helpless. His astounding nimbleness under these conditions suggested to Robert Louis Stevenson the physical sketch of John Silver.

Out of the Ordinary.

Belle—Why do you encourage that stupid Mr. Blinks? Nellie—Why, he says things I never heard any other man say! Belle—Honestly? He proposed?—Cleveland Leader.

His Constituents.

"Ever had 'em strew flowers in your path as you returned home, senator?" "Naw, I'm satisfied not to have 'em strew banana peelings."—Pittsburg Post.

Gentlemen's

Panama

and Straw Hats.

As well as Soft and Stiff Hats, Cleaned, Bleached, and Re-blocked at my store. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

Miss Kate L. Lucas.

FOR SALE.

Nice 6 room, 2 story residence, lot 75x100. Modern plumbing. \$1300.00.

Twelve lots, North End, best vacant lots in city, \$100.00 to \$600.00 each.

Seven buildings to be sold in lump, \$2,000.00.

20 acres hammock land, 2 acres cleared, \$100.00.

FOR SALE—Nice 3 room Residence; modern improvements. Lot 100 x 150, one of the best homes in the city. Worth \$3,000 to close quick for \$2,500 cash.

400 acres potato land at Hastings, ranging from \$50 to \$100 per acre.

For you. Twenty-four acres land with 4-room residence, joining city limits, for \$1,000.00.

P. J. BECKS,

Palatka, Florida.

Mr. Hart Gibson of East Palatka, has the fine Stallion Mozart, who will make the season 1910, at a nominal fee, to groom.

5-13-11.

Subscribe for THE PALATKA NEWS

\$1.00 per Year. Six Months, 50c

If you go home at night and find your wife talking to the neighbor's wife over the fence, and your supper not prepared, don't get angry and accuse her of gossiping. She is simply finding out the news. Give her a year's subscription to the PALATKA NEWS and your meals will always be ready.

Our Job Department

Is thoroughly equipped to turn out all kinds of COMMERCIAL Printing at reasonable prices.

Estimates on any kind of printing cheerfully furnished.

Send Us a Trial Order.